

Crossroads



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BEATLES

ABBEY ROAD N



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Recognize the cover now?

*Here is a story
about one student
who is sure to
recognize the idea
behind the cover
photo.*

Chad Wagoner was here, after a long journey.
1994

By Shelly Moss

Last summer while in London on the Oxford exchange program, junior Chad Wagoner accomplished a life long goal: walking across the Beatles' Abbey Road.

"I had the feeling that I would probably never have the opportunity again," He explains.

The trip soon turned into a marathon, however, when Chad and his friends were given bad directions and got off at the wrong underground station. They wandered several miles until they actually found Abbey Road. Then they walked further down until they finally found the part of Abbey Road that the Beatles made famous.

"We can actually say that we walked down Abbey Road in its entirety, said Chad. "At every crosswalk, we would take a picture of me as I walked across it."

It took over three hours for Chad and his friends to finally reach their destination. By then, they were understandably hot, tired, and sore.

"Now that's a pilgrimage if you ask me," Chad jokes.

A wall facing the road bears signatures of those who have visited the sight.

"I wrote 'Chad Wagoner was here after a long journey.' That was an understatement," he says.

Chad considers himself a fan but not an extremist.


"I like the Beatles because they incorporate a lot of different sounds," Chad explains. "They experimented with a lot of different types of music and tried to give it variety."

He owns about ten Beatles tapes, seven CDs several T-shirts, and an Abbey Road souvenir sign.

Chad attended his favorite Beatles, Paul McCartney's 1993 concert in Kansas City.

"If I could ask Paul McCartney anything, I'd probably ask him about the lyrics of 'Hey Jude'," Chad says, "I'd probably be in too much awe to say much."

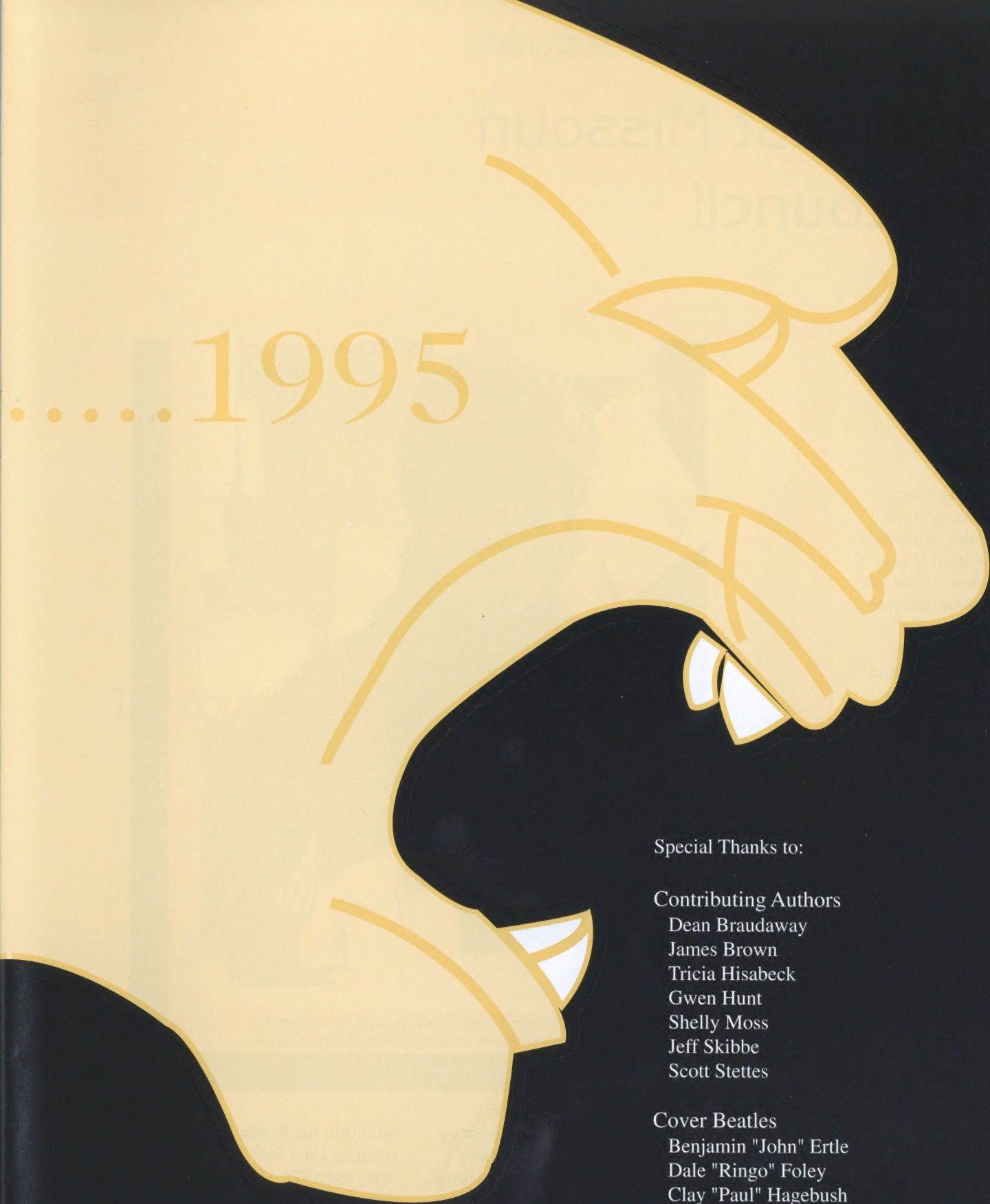




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.....1995

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Southwest Missouri Arts Council

By Gwen Hunt

There is a continuing myth about southwest Missouri—that it is a cultural desert. Not so! Those who perpetuate that myth are not aware, for whatever reason, of the thriving cultural life that is here. For a city of Joplin's size, there is an amazing amount of cultural activity not only in the city, but throughout the region. Of course, there is not the abundance of offerings found in major cities such as St. Louis or Kansas City. But every week there is a concert, play, art exhibit, fine film or other activity to attend.

This lively activity is not a recent development but has characterized Joplin's life almost from the beginning. In the late 1800s, the town boasted not one, but three opera houses. According to the book *Joplin: From Mining Town to Urban Center* by Dr. G.K. Renner, miners would sometimes pay for their tickets with a wheelbarrow full of lead! Leading theatrical troupes and vocalists of international repute such as Jenny Lind

came to town. This author grew up going to the dozens of Broadway touring shows, operas and operettas, dance companies, orchestras and solo musical performers that performed here over the years.

Cultural life continued to flourish with the formation of the Joplin Council for the Arts in the 1960s. The Council garnered national

attention for Joplin through the gigantic 1967 Fall Festival of the Arts, the 1973 Thomas Hart Benton Retrospective Exhibition, and the Benton mural completed in the Municipal Building. Missouri Southern State College, too, has enriched the region not only with its own performing and fine arts departments but also by sponsoring



In addition to being on the Southwest Missouri Arts Council, Gwen Hunt also serves as public information director for Missouri Southern College.

SOUTHWEST MISSOURI

C · O · n · n · e · C · T

Arts COUNCIL

appearances by national and international artists.

Just take a look at what's offered in Joplin alone over the course of a few months.

The performing arts offer a wide array from which to choose. The Missouri Southern Theatre produces at least six plays annually, attended by more than 14,000 adults and children. The Joplin Little Theatre also enjoys wide community support for its half-dozen productions a year. The art of film making is celebrated in the Missouri Southern International Film Series which for over 30 years has shown a dozen films each year from all over the world.

On the music scene, the Joplin Community Concert Association sponsors four performances a year with world renowned artists ranging from vocalists to symphony orchestras and dance companies. Chamber music of the highest caliber is brought by Pro Musica, with performances free to the public. The biennial Missouri Southern International Piano Competition attracts pianists from all over the world to compete for over \$25,000 in prizes and a debut concert in Carnegie Hall. The College's music department presents a variety of groups, including many musicians from the community performing music of all eras and styles. Jazz fans can hear some of the best jazz ensembles in the country under the auspices of Jazz in Joplin. In addition

to these live performances, Joplin enjoys 24-hour-a-day classical music provided by Missouri Southern State College on KXMS/88.7.

The visual arts are equally prominent, especially through the activities of the George A. Spiva Center for the Arts. In a newly-renovated historic building at Third and Wall Streets, traveling exhibits, lectures, classes and workshops, and a variety of other arts programs continue year-round. Joplin's municipal building boasts a large mural by famed Missouri artist Thomas Hart Benton, painted in celebration of the city's Centennial celebration in 1973. Also on view is a large exhibit documenting the creation and installation of the work, "Joplin at the Turn of the Century."

The Dorothea B. Hoover Historical Museum in Schifferdecker Park is a treasure trove of memories of past eras. And the adjacent Joplin Mineral and Mining Museum is known internationally for its crystal specimens taken from area mines.

So, it must be clear, the problem is not a lack of something to do, but deciding what to do among all these and other offerings for all ages and interests.

Read! Listen! Watch! Southwest Missouri is truly a bright verdant valley ablaze with cultural life!

Despite the best efforts of organizations and the media, perhaps one reason people think there is a dearth of cultural activity is that they simply miss the publicity when it is presented. The newly-formed Southwest Missouri Arts Council hopes to bring area arts organizations together to help heighten awareness of artistic activity among all area citizens.

Southwest Missouri Arts Council

Officers:

Gwen Hunt, President
Webb City
Sandy Higgins, Vice president
Carthage
Maridann Kassab, Secretary
Joplin
Cecie Fritz, Treasurer
Joplin

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Amy Sieglinger, Joplin
Bill Jackson, Joplin
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JUST AROUND THE CORNER Baptist Student Union

By Scott Stettes

The Baptist Student

Union dates back to the early years of Missouri

Southern State College. It is no stranger to the college scene, and it's just around the corner. The Baptist Student Union is located at 1124 North Duquesne Road in walking distance of the campus and residence housing.

BSU continues its effort to help students better their lives by providing some exciting opportunities within the organization. The group is taking positive steps in their effort to become a larger factor at Southern. Appointment of a new campus minister, Victor Boll, represents support from the Southern Baptist Convention, the Missouri Baptist Convention and the Spring River Baptist Association to the students at Missouri Southern.

According to the new campus minister, the BSU is a student-led Christian organization that wishes to meet the needs of all MSSC students.

"Our purpose and goal is to help students grow in their relationship to Jesus Christ," says Boll. "And although BSU stands for Baptist Student Union and is sponsored by the Southern Baptist Convention,

BSU is open to all students regardless of faith or denomination."

Boll explained that students may join the BSU without fees or dues paying, "They only need to be willing participants in the exciting things the Lord is doing through this ministry at Missouri Southern State College."

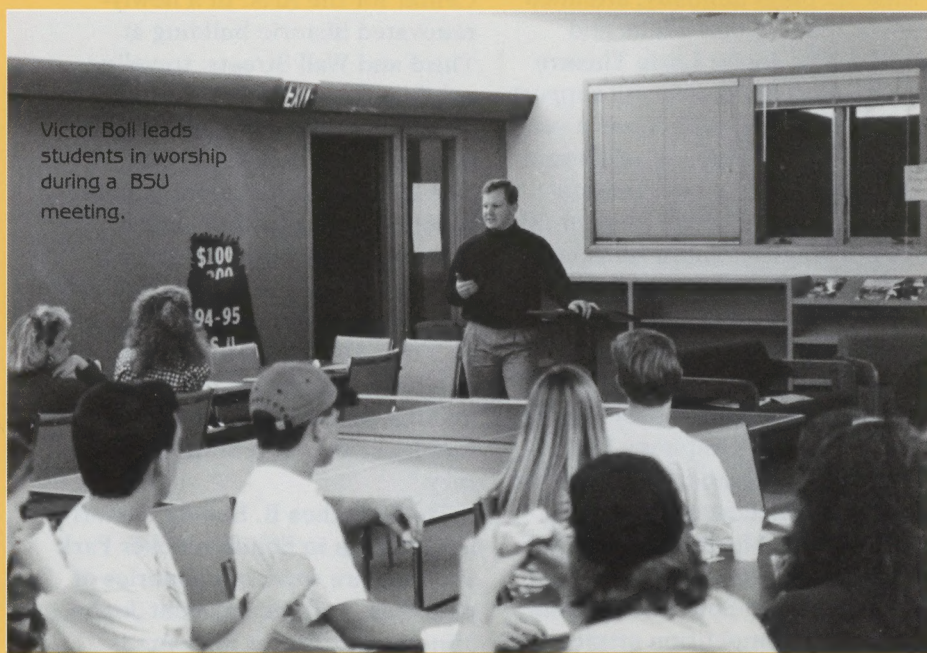
The students are the real outreach of the BSU. Attendance at BSU activities averages from 30-45 students, however, Boll really believes the reason for the stability and growth is related to the Christ-centered nature of the organization.

"Students are searching for something to fill the void in their lives," said Boll "and our message is that individuals can find that fulfillment in a relationship to God

evangelize students on campus," said BSU president Jeremy Brown.

The BSU Council is made up of students who accept specific responsibility in areas of ministry on campus. The 1994-95 officers are: Jeremy Brown, president; Cherona Phillips, missions; Chris Wibberg, publicity; Carl Bhend, fellowship; DeAnna Rush, scrapbook; Tracy Tate, hostess; and Jill Betts, music/worship.

BSU is missions oriented, focusing on students and is proud to be one of Southern's group of officially recognized campus organizations. The BSU campus minister and facility is available to students free of charge during the following hours: Monday and Thursday 8:30 a.m.-9 p.m.; Tuesday and Wednesday 8:30 a.m.-5 p.m.; and Friday, 8:30 a.m.-noon. These facilities and services include a fully equipped kitchen, TV



through Jesus Christ."

BSU leaders say the attendance of the group does not necessarily reflect the success the group is having.

"We aren't concerned with numbers right now, we just want to get our group closer to God and to

lounge, computer, prayer room, conference room, personal counseling, piano, study tables, ping pong, and foosball.

There is a wide variety of social/fellowship/trip events such as tournaments (volleyball, foosball, and ping pong), progressive dinners,

pizza nights, bowling, scavenger hunts, prayer breakfasts, barnswinging, conferences, and mission trips.

Regular weekly activities include Monday at 7 p.m. for Bible Study and Thursday at 5:30 p.m. for Thursday Night Together (TNT) which includes the student-led program and a free dinner provided by churches of the Spring River Baptist Association.

Campus Minister

Although Victor Boll is the new Baptist Student Union campus minister, he is not a stranger to the BSU. Boll graduated from East Newton High School in 1985. He attended Crowder College in Neosho for a couple of years and went on to Southwest Missouri State University in Springfield. He returned to Missouri Southern State College where he completed his bachelor's degree in 1988.

Boll has vast experience in the ministry field. He was involved in the BSU in his college days and was a youth minister at Northside Baptist Church in Neosho. Boll later went on to Fort Worth, Texas, to obtain his master's in divinity at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary. While in Texas, he served as campus minister for two years at Cedar Valley Junior College and Northwood Institute in Dallas, Texas.

At Southwestern, Boll met and married his wife, Amy, a native of Jacksonville, Flor. They have been married for three years and are expecting their first child. Amy Boll has a master's in religious education from the seminary.

Boll and his wife went to Atlanta, Ga., where Victor interned as campus minister at Southern College of Technology and Kennesaw State College. Boll returned to Joplin to become BSU campus minister and again calls the Ozarks his home.

Directory of Religious Organizations

Baptist Student Union

Campus Minister: Victor Boll

Faculty Advisor: Deb Gibson

Meetings: 7:00 p.m. - Monday - Bible Study at BSU
5:30 p.m. Thursday Night Together (TNT)
creative worship and meal - BSU

Ecumenical Campus Ministry

Campus Minister: Rev. Christine Iannuccilli

Meetings: 10:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m. - Tuesday and Thursday
Counseling ministry in Lions' Den - BSC

Fellowship of Christian Athletes

Faculty Adviser: Cindy Wolfe

Meetings: 6:00 p.m. Thursday
Relaxed fellowship, sharing, and fun

Koinonia Christian Campus Ministries

Campus Minister: David Weaver

Meetings: 7:00 p.m. - Tuesday - Bible Study / Main Meeting
College Heights Christian Church
11:00 a.m. - 1:00 p.m. Thursday
Lunch Basement of Stegge Hall
Social event - every weekend

Latter Day Saints Student Association

Faculty Advisor: Dr. Robert Clark

Meetings: Noon - Tuesday and Thursday
Room. 313 - Billingsly Student Center

Newman Club

Campus Minister: Father David Miller

Faculty Advisor: Dr. Juan Vazquez

Meetings: 12:15 p.m. Tues. - Bible Study and small Mass
Room: 306 - Billingsly Student Center

Wesley Foundation

Campus Minister: Rev. Roger Nichols

Faculty Adviser: Dr. Charles Thelen

Meetings: 7:30 p.m. Sunday Night Live (food, fun and fellowship)
First United Methodist at 4th and Byers

Taking Charge of My Life

A true story by Dean Braudaway

No one would have ever imagined twenty years ago that the seven-year-old little boy that was sitting in the emergency room with four broken ribs and a concussion after another beating by one of his stepfathers would be about to take his final in his first semester of college. The road of life that the little boy traveled was challenging and bumpy; it was filled with unexpected twists and turns. I should know because I was that little boy.

I was born in Gardena, California, in 1966, to two drug-addicted parents. My parents divorced when I was only one year of age. I was not to see my father or have any contact with him until I was sixteen years old. After my parents separated, I lived with my mother who eventually moved in with a man who was to be the father of my baby sister, Chrissy. He, too was a drug addict. This man began what was to be a long line of abuse, both physical and mental.

Although I was only three, I have very vivid memories of some of the awful things he did. I remember having to stand in the corner for hours on end holding three or four encyclopedias above my head. If I was caught letting them down, even as little as a fraction of an inch, I was beaten so severely with a coat hanger that it left bloody welts all over my back, butt and legs. I also remember a time when I was taking a bath and this man came in and forced my head under water and held it there trying to drown me. He was notorious for terrorizing me with his pet rattlesnake. I still remember running though the house screaming as he chased me with the snake. I would try to hide in my closet, but he always found me and then I was cornered. Often, I was so scared I would actually pee in my

pants and then be punished for that crime, too. Once I was bitten by his snake and had to be rushed to the emergency room to be treated for snakebite.

At this point, my grandparents got involved. Grandpa hired a private detective to gather evidence to prove that I was living in an unfit environment as well as the fact that my life was actually in danger. Grandpa and Grandma actually took their own daughter to court and had me taken away from her.

A year passed and, when I was four, my mother took my sister, Chrissy, and left this madman. She moved in with my grandparents and worked very hard to prove to them that she wanted to start a new drug-free life with both her children. I was very excited to have my family reunited and to have a new baby sister. I dreamed of a "normal" life.

Six months later, my mother met and began dating a wonderful man. Timmy was kind and compassionate. He loved my mom and wanted to make a home for her and her kids and even asked my grandfather to allow him and my mother to raise me. They gave their blessing, and my mother and Timmy were married. Timmy bought us a house and we began what was to be the best time of my life. Timmy was a very loving and caring man towards me and my sister. He raised us in the manner that a child should be raised.

Unfortunately, this only lasted for about a year. My mother was unable to cope with this routine life. I believe she was afraid she would not be able to be the kind of wife Timmy deserved, and so she gave up trying and was drawn back to her old addictions and drug-abusing ways. Timmy could neither understand nor condone this, so my mother divorced him. I was devastated. I

remember looking out the back glass of my mom's old blue station wagon, with tears streaming down my cheek, waving good-bye to the storybook life. My "normal" family life had come to an end.

After two years and a long line of live-in boyfriends, my mother met Huey. He became my second stepfather. Some people say he was possessed by the devil; I say he WAS the devil. He introduced my mother to heroin, a drug that destroyed her life as well as that of her family. This vicious and brutal man's ways led to seven years of hell, seven years of severe child abuse and neglect. Huey was the most violent, cruel, and cold-hearted man that ever walked the earth. People find it hard to believe some of the things he actually did to my family. I remember seldom having food in the house, since all the money went for drugs; but if there was food, Huey had it locked up. He had hasps with padlocks on the cabinets, and the refrigerator had a log chain and lock around it.

This brought out the survival instinct in me. I not only had to care for myself at age seven, but I felt responsible for my three-year-old baby sister as well. I would often dig in the trash cans for food. Winchell's Donuts was one of my favorite trash cans to scavenge in, for often I could find a bag of stale donuts. I was always hustling, trying to make a buck or two, so my sister and I could eat. I shined shoes at the airport, stocked shelves at the grocery store, delivered newspapers, worked at the swap meet, or did whatever I could to feed Chrissy and myself. When Huey discovered that I could provide food and money, he began taking them away from me. He knew when and how much I would be paid, and he was always waiting for me. I knew if I didn't give it to him, I

would be beaten. Now I had to make extra money on the side that Huey didn't know about to have anything left for Chrissy and myself. At times I shoplifted out of severe need and desperation.

There were times that Huey would lock my sister and me out of the house. Sometimes it might only be for hours, but other times it could be for as many as three days. I remember Huey beating my mother and locking her in their bedroom. Once he even tied her to the bed and left her there for two days.

I was often the victim of Huey's violent rages. I was beaten often. Once, I remember being beaten so badly my nose was broken and my head swelled so that I looked like a deformed beach ball. Another time, I suffered from a concussion and four broken ribs. I was taken to the hospital, and the staff was immediately suspicious. Question after question was hurled at me, but, at age seven I was too afraid of Huey's wrath to tell on him. He made up a story about a softball hitting me in the face causing me to fall and break my ribs. Eventually, the matter was closed for lack of evidence.

In my fifth, sixth, and seventh grade years, I missed more days of school than I attended. My mom and Huey would take me out of school and cart me around to thirty or forty doctors so that I might put on the "act" of a hyperactive child, so the doctors would prescribe Ritalin. Ritalin is a "speeder" or an "upper" as some might say. Mom and Huey would "cook" it so it would liquefy, and then shoot it in their veins. One of the most terrifying things I remember is seeing my mother sitting on the bathroom stool, slouched over, with a needle hanging out of her arm. When I saw her like this, I swore I would never use intravenous drugs.

However, with my life in chaos and drugs all around me, my curiosity got the better of me, and I began to experiment with different drugs. By the age of twelve, I had tried almost

every drug imaginable from marijuana and cocaine to PCP (angel dust). I liked a lot of these drugs because they were a way for me to escape reality for a while, but marijuana was my drug of choice. It was very cheap and accessible.

Finally, when I was thirteen, my mother left Huey. She again had the desire to clean up her life and start a drug-free life. My grandparents had moved to Pierce City, MO. so this is where my mother decided to begin her new life. Unfortunately for me, it seemed the die had already been cast. I had lived a life of destruction and heartache for too many years. I didn't do well in school; I didn't feel like I fit in with the other kids; therefore, I found myself resorting back to marijuana to escape the torment I felt.

I quit high school half-way through my senior year to join the U.S. Army. My I-don't-care attitude did not serve me well in the military. I didn't obey orders because I had no respect for authority. Growing up there had been few adults who earned my respect. My lack of respect for authority led to hard times for me. I often found myself doing extra pushups or pulling extra guard duty because of my poor attitude. It didn't take long for me to realize things had to change. I discovered things would go a lot smoother if I followed orders and tried to get along with others.

In boot camp I gave up marijuana, but only to begin abusing alcohol. I eventually got out of the army on a general

discharge eighteen months short of my four-year enlistment by agreeing to serve in the National Guard for four years. Once I was out of the army, I began to use marijuana again. Now, I was not only an alcoholic but drug addict, too. I was lost. I was searching for something, but I wasn't sure what.

I decided it was time to settle down and have the family I had always dreamed of. In 1986, at age twenty, I married a girl I had only known for two weeks, Michele. I believe Michele and I were both searching for love, searching for the family we had both been lacking. We grabbed onto each other and were afraid to let go. Within the next year we had a son, Justin. He was the greatest thing in my life, but I didn't know how to be a father, or, for that matter, a husband. I continued to use both drugs and alcohol, and as the pressures of family life became greater, so did my drug addiction. When I got a high-paying job in hazardous waste disposal, I thought things might change, but all that changed was that I could buy more drugs and more expensive drugs. Soon, my addiction turned to cocaine. Eventually I was using



Dean Braudaway and his family

\$100 of cocaine a day, so before long I began dealing it to support my habit.

My marriage was falling apart. Michele and I were strangers. Our lack of communication, and lack of common interests led to numerous fights. My drug addiction and the money spent on it was a common dispute. Even though my wife did not use drugs, she turned to other men for her escape from our problems.

After catching her with two different men, I found myself having a hard time believing in marriage, but I could not let go either. I decided the best thing to do was move away to another state and start fresh. This always seemed to be the answer for my mother. I decided to quit using drugs. I would do anything to make my marriage work and have the perfect family that I had dreamed of. Michele agreed to my plan, so we sold what little we had and took off, not knowing where we would end up.

Colorado Springs, Colo. was to be our salvation. Things were good for the first six months. Michele had to depend on me for everything, and I liked feeling needed. When she became homesick after about a year, I was jealous. She was becoming more and more depressed, so when I was laid off from my job, we made the move back to Pierce City, MO. All we could bring back with us was what we could get packed in our car.

Starting over was tough. For the first two months we lived in an eight-foot overhead camper in my mother's backyard. It was the middle of winter so conditions were not ideal, but within two months we both found jobs. I was so happy when we finally rented our own apartment. I moved my wife, my son, and myself in with eager anticipation. The first week had not even passed when I came home and found she had taken my son and left me for another man. I remember walking into our apartment expecting to hear the joyous chatter of my young son, Justin, and instead

being hit with a dead eerie silence. The apartment, though sparsely furnished, had a new emptiness that hit me immediately.

I can't explain the pain, the frustration, the helplessness I felt. After all we had been through together, and now this. My mind snapped; I totally lost control. For the first few days, I searched frantically for them, but she was always one step ahead of me. I

liquor store and bought a half-gallon of 190 proof Everclear. I went home and began my great escape. I know it was the coward's way out, but it was the only way I felt I could deal with the tremendous pain I was feeling. I kept being haunted by Justin's voice calling out to me, "Daddy, Daddy." What came next is pretty much a blur. From what I have been told, my roommate found me, called an ambulance, and then



Dean and his boys at play

didn't eat. I didn't sleep. I lived on "uppers." Eventually, I gave up all hope of ever seeing my son again.

The thought of life without him and the tormented dreams of stepfathers doing to him what had been done to me was too much. I felt I had only one option. I made contact with one of my old drug connections and bought 100 Xanax, a "downer." Then I went to the

called my sister Chrissy, in Monett. My next memory is waking up in the hospital and being very sick. I wondered why I was still alive.

By law, I was forced to receive counseling. It was not the most productive counseling in my life, so after three months I stopping going. Somewhere along the way I realized I could go on. When I was finally allowed visitation with my son, my

heart raced the first time I was able to hold him. I told him that I loved him and would always be his daddy. Seeing him again gave my life purpose, and I knew I could go on.

Once my divorce was final and I had my "freedom" again, I turned into a wild man. I worked hard at a variety of jobs, but I couldn't seem to be satisfied with any of them. I played even harder. I was a regular at the local bar and was not usually

long for me to realize I was nothing more than a meal ticket for her, but I didn't want another marriage to fail so I worked very hard. Letitia liked to party. She got me started on marijuana again, which was a terrible mistake.

Michele quit letting me see Justin because she despised Letitia. When it became apparent there was no chance for the marriage to succeed, I fell apart again. I was overcome with feelings of failure and

frustration. I knew I would never have the family life I had dreamed of. My second marriage had failed; I wasn't getting to see my son, so I felt like a failure as a father; and I didn't know where to turn. I turned to a bottle and began drinking my pain away. I was probably at the low point of my life. I have never felt so lost and alone.

I have heard that it is often at the darkest hour when you see the light. I found this to be very true. My mom's new husband made arrangements for me to go to St. John's Hawthorne Center. I didn't think it would help; I didn't think anything could, but I was willing to try anything. Hawthorne provided no miracle cure, but when I stop and think of what began there, it is miraculous. Through counseling, I began to see

my problems, my patterns of destruction, and even more important, I began to see I had a choice. Through some of the other patients, I began to see a peace they had found through some sort of spirituality. This, too, planted a seed for future growth.

At Hawthorne Center, I met the girl I had been looking for all my life, Joyce. At this point in my life,

another woman was the last thing I wanted, and a man was the last thing she was looking for. We became instant friends, and though we are as different as night and day, we seem to bring out the best in each other and complement each other's strengths and weaknesses.

When I left Hawthorne, I had no home to go to. I moved back into the pick-up camper in my mom's backyard. Looking back, I am so thankful for this time. My mom had married again, and didn't get along too well with this husband either. This was a time like no other for my mom and me. She had been diagnosed with lung cancer and was not working. I treasure the early morning talks we used to have over coffee. We talked about everything: life, love, God, the future and the past. I believe this time was a gift from God, for my mother was taken from me only a few months later. On December 9, 1992, I was with my mother when she passed away. I miss her terribly and wish she were here today to see the changes I have made in my life.

My relationship with Joyce grew, but not without its complications. Both of our families are totally opposed to our relationship; they have put up every obstacle imaginable, but after eighteen months, we are still together and planning to marry in the spring. Her love and support have carried me far. She always encourages me to fulfill my dreams.

Joyce started college after she had been out of school for twelve years. She was newly divorced and responsible for providing for her three children. I respected her for doing that and shared her enthusiasm for learning and working to better herself. I shared with her a dream to one day go to college myself, a dream I thought was impossible since I had done so poorly in school before. She didn't laugh at me. Instead she encouraged me and told me I could do anything I set my mind to.

In April 1993, I was laid off from



alone. There was always some cute young thing to help me forget my pain.

I must be a slow learner because within six months I found myself engaged to a woman I had only known for a couple of months. Letitia was eleven years older than I and had three daughters: a ready-made family for me. We married in September of 1991. It didn't take



Dean and family at the park

my job at Sunbeam Industries; I knew this was the time to start fresh. With Joyce's support I enrolled in a Return-to-Learn class at Missouri Southern State College. This was a college orientation class that also helped prepare me for my ACT. This was the key to my future. I knew immediately that my newly-found desire for knowledge had to be quenched. I was scared to death when I took my ACT, but I got an eighteen composite score which was good enough for me to be accepted at MSSC. I was scared to death when I walked into my first class but

I stuck it out and I have never regretted it.

The greatest change in my life came only a few weeks ago when I accepted the Lord into my life. I know now what I have been searching for all these years, and I know I will never walk alone again. I do realize this does not mean an end to all my problems. The Lord just gives me strength to deal with them.

I have certainly had to rely on this strength, for Michele has refused to let me see Justin for the past nine months because of her new husband's jealousy. I am involved in

a court battle and find myself constantly frustrated by the slow pace of our present court system.

During the past eighteen months, my life has undergone tremendous change. Memories of my childhood still haunt me at times but I am dealing with them and trying to put them in the past where they belong. I am very proud to say I have been drug-free for the past year and a half and have no desire to return to that life. Joyce and I plan to be married in the spring. Her three boys, Austin 10, Casey 9, and Brent 6, love and accept me, just as I love

them. I am renewing my close relationship with my sister, Chrissy. We had allowed the years to draw us apart, but after my mother passed away, I realized that she was the only family I had left. I wanted that closeness we had growing up.

For the first time in my life I feel like I am on the right track. I have set positive goals for myself, and I am working very hard to achieve them. I am surprised how well I am doing in school. I am about to complete my first semester toward an associate's degree in Computer-Aided Drafting and Design. Presently, I am carrying all As and Bs in my classes. Considering that I didn't learn anything in school and quit high school in the twelfth grade, I feel that this is a great accomplishment. Someday, I hope to earn my master's degree and make a better life for my future family and me. The future looks bright, and I am happy to be a part of it.

****Editor's note:** Dean won first place in the student essay competition sponsored by Townsend Press with this essay in 1993. Since writing the essay "Taking Charge of My Life" he and Joyce have married and both are currently enrolled at Missouri Southern State College.

A note from Dean's teacher, Dr. James F. Brown, Associate Professor of English

During the fall semester of 1993, Dean Braudaway, 28, was a student in my Basic Composition class. He worked hard, and as the semester progressed, his writing ability improved dramatically. Near the end of the semester, Dean was one of the students in the class who wrote a long personal essay to enter a national contest.

The Contest:

Each year, Townsend Press of Marlton, New Jersey, holds a national essay writing contest for students in developmental writing classes from colleges and universities all over the country. Students enter the contest by writing a personal essay on the topic "Taking Charge of My Life." Entrants are instructed to write an essay which uses "specific details that make vividly clear the challenges you have had to overcome in getting to college."

Writing the Essay:

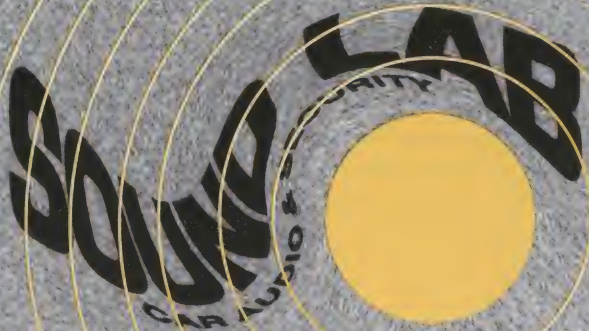
In my English 80 class, Dean had learned that good writing is the result of hard work and a multiple-draft writing process. He put this process model to work and wrote at least ten drafts of the essay. Dean worked on the essay all through Christmas break to finish it by the December 31, 1993, submission deadline. Two or three times during Christmas break, Dean brought me a newly-revised draft to review. I provided appropriate instruction and made suggestions for improvements. Then Dean returned to his word processor to improve the essay. With each successive draft, the essay became better and better.

Winning First Prize:

In January 1994, a representative from Townsend Press telephoned Dean Braudaway to tell him that he had won \$1,500.00 and was one of three first prize winners. In the follow-up letter, (which included the \$1,500.00 check) Townsend Press informed him that they would publish a booklet that includes the nine best essays.

I've encouraged Dean to expand his essay into a book that describes his heroic struggle to overcome a tragic childhood and long-term drug addiction. I believe that such a book could be an inspiration to many people. Currently, Dean is too busy to write the book because he's attending Southern and working to support his family. Maybe someday he will write his book. I hope so.

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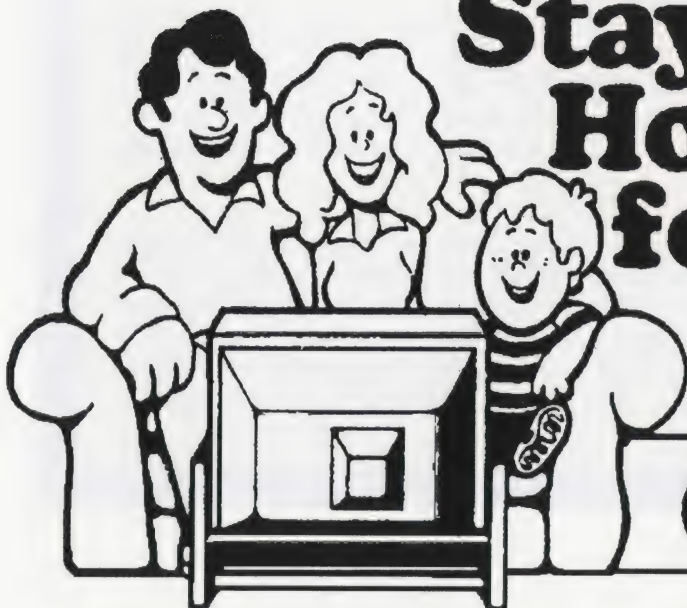


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FLORIDA

By Heidi Weaver

Students return from winter break and they think, dream, and talk about spring break. This is a time when students can drop everything and go on a much-needed vacation. Students do everything from going to the beach in South Padre Island, Texas to skiing down the slopes in Breckenridge, Colo.

Elizabeth Archer, senior marketing and management major, spent last spring break relaxing on the beach in South Padre Island with 11 of her friends.

"Spring break was just a time for me to forget about papers and tests and go have a great time with out any worries," Archer said. "This trip was well worth the 16-hour drive down there."

Many students take their spring vacations somewhere in driving distance to cut costs.

"If I had my choice I would fly off to a remote island, but I can only afford so much for a week-long trip," Archer said. "By driving to Padre we did not have to pay air fare and we

were able to bring groceries for the week."

However, times are changing and students are going on more exclusive trips for their spring break vacations. Students are beginning to go places such as Cancun, Mexico or to take Caribbean cruises.

"There is more of a shift toward the cruising aspect. People are going on more three- and four-day cruises," said Jack L. Stults, owner of Reservation Travel Services. "The cruises are all inclusive packages so the people know pretty much what the entire cost will be up front."

Kristin White, junior speech communications major, spent her spring break skiing down the slopes with 16 of her friends in Breckenridge. She said she just wanted to go out, party, and have a great time. White said next time she goes she will remember to take a skiing lesson.

"All my friends convinced me I didn't need a lesson, so I hopped on a lift with my friend," White said. Halfway up the mountain, I realized

the lift only went to black and blue slopes. So my first time skiing I skied a blue slope and that was definitely an adventure."

Archer and her friends spent most of their days on spring break playing on the beach in the day and going to clubs at night.

"We went to one club called Charlie's three different nights," Archer said. "Charlie's is a lot of fun because it is so huge. The first night we were there they said more than 9,500 people had been through the door."

Spring break is not a cheap vacation. Hotels and resorts increase the prices of their packages during spring break. Stults said the hotels are just filling the supply and demand.

He said South Padre Island especially will double the prices of their condominiums. However, it is not just the supply and demand reasoning for resorts to raise their



prices. They also have to cover damage costs. Archer said when some people were fooling around in her condo they put a huge hole in the wall.

"We had the maintenance man at our condo almost every day," White said. "Once we left the hose running in the jacuzzi and it flooded everything."

To go on a vacation for spring break, planning early is the key to getting the better deals and packages.

"The best time to plan for spring break is when the brochures come out with the pricing," Stults said. "That is usually around November or December. If you don't plan early, you probably won't be able to get the cheaper packages."

Tattoo You

By Heidi Weaver

These fads do not seem to fade quickly. Actually, they don't fade at all. The art of tattooing and body piercing seems to have taken off in every aspect. People from all walks of life are flocking to tattoo shops to have their favorite design permanently placed on their body.

"I think a lot of the popularity came from the temporary tattoos," said Michael Roland, owner and manager of Body Accents. "Once they became popular the real thing came into the limelight."

Roland also said another possible reason for the increase of interest in tattooing is because people were seeing celebrities with tattoos and that made tattoos seem glamorous.

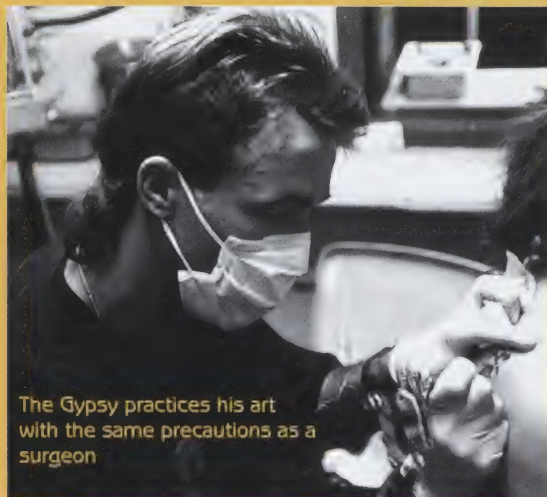
"People saw celebrities with tattoos and decided to get one," Roland said. "The only problem was most of those were temporary tattoos."

The Gypsy, who is owner of Skin Art Creations Tattoo Emporium, said he did not think tattooing is becoming more popular. People are just showing them off more.

"Tattooing has come out of the closet," Gypsy said. "It is becoming more socially acceptable to get a tattoo. It's the nineties now and people are not so uptight."

Gypsy has been a tattoo artist for nineteen years. He started his career by graduating from Kansas City Art Institute with a degree in technical illustration and mechanical drafting. Gypsy said there is a difference in a tattooist and a tattoo artist.

"A tattooist can take a picture off of a wall and give someone a tattoo,"



The Gypsy practices his art with the same precautions as a surgeon

he said. "A tattoo artist takes the picture one step further by making it become somewhat three-dimensional."

To become a tattoo artist with Gypsy, a person must first pass a portfolio interview. If that is completed the person then begins a one year apprenticeship.

"During the apprenticeship I don't even want them touching the gun," Gypsy said. "Just because a person can draw on a piece of paper doesn't mean they can tattoo. This is an art form and you have to have an appreciation for the art form."

Gypsy once did a tattoo where he painted what looked like a mural on a man's back.

"This tattoo took exactly one year working for four hours a week to finish," Gypsy said. "The cost ended up being somewhere around \$10,400."

Most tattoos do not cost anywhere near that amount. Roland said most

tattoos cost around \$50 to \$60.

"My tattoo has probably five colors in it and was little over a half dollar size and was \$60," said Timma Medley, junior psychology major.

"I didn't consider that a bad price for something that is permanently attached to my backside."

Body piercing is also becoming a

major art form. Body Accents recently started body piercing.

"We researched the market, liked the ins and outs, and once we felt comfortable with the aspect of it we pursued it," said Roland.

Eric Sweet, senior studio art and history major, has eight piercings on his body. Sweet did his first piercing in 1988.

"I saw this big German guy who had eight nose rings and six lip rings," Sweet said. "I had seen it before and I just liked the way it looked."

Sweet does not have any tattoos and does not want one. He said if he ever gets tired of the piercings he can just take them out. One of the main concerns for people engaging in this art form is not necessarily the permanency of it, but the health risks involved. Today, people are more conscious of diseases such as HIV and hepatitis, that are spread from bodily fluids.



Tara Rouse, sophomore accounting major shows off her newly pierced tongue

Roland said the city health department sets all of the regulations for the tattoo businesses.

"Our store was used to set regulations for all other tattoo stores in the state of Missouri," Roland said.

Gypsy said he has to be extremely conscious for himself and his client when he is giving someone a tattoo. Gypsy's health background as an LPN has made him more conscious of his clients.

"It helped that the man who taught me to tattoo was very hard on hygiene and he taught me proper hygiene

from the beginning," Gypsy said. "We wore rubber gloves way before you had to."

By putting concerns of pain, health, and the ultimate permanent art form aside, it can be seen as an expression of individuality.

"Once you realize it's nothing traumatic it's easier to do," Sweet said. "The pain is transitory, but the beauty is life long."

Going All Out

By Clifford J. Henry

Each day, millions of people pick up a basketball. However, none of them have the love of one Missouri Southern Lady Lion.

"I love basketball more than anything," said Melissa Grider. "I've got to win and work hard." Carrie Kaifes, one of Grider's coaches, echoes this statement.

"She loves basketball more than any athlete I have ever coached," Kaifes said.

At times Grider can be trying because she is so competitive and headstrong. But I respect those qualities in her because I know how much she loves to compete and how much she loves the game of basketball."

Sonya Harlin, a senior guard on the team, comments on Grider's dedication.

"She goes all out for everything," Harlin said. "She is a really good player, and she doesn't get credit for a lot of the things she does."

Grider also has a reputation for being an emotional person on the court. She said she hates to lose or to make a mistake.

"I just want everything to go right," said Grider "I want to be perfect. When I make a mistake, I am hard headed."

But Harlin said everyone expects this kind of behavior from Grider.

"That's just her," Harlin said. "It's the kind of player she is—she's a perfectionist in everything she does. She wants to do it just right."

Head coach Scott Ballard agrees with Harlin's description.

"She (Grider) is a perfectionist in that she is hard on herself if she makes any mistakes and she tries to play the perfect game," he said.

Grider said her mistakes only make her work harder.

"If something goes wrong, I want something else like a steal or a pass inside to make up for my mistake," Grider said.

Kaifes said Grider is more into the one-on-one side of basketball than the scoring side.

"She loves to force the other team into making a mistake," Kaifes said. "When she does that she gets so excited and shows more emotion than when she makes a three."

Each player on a team brings her own special part to the floor, but the 5 foot 7 guard from Bolivar wants to win every game.

"Her willingness to win is her greatest aspect as a player," Harlin said.

Kaifes says that Grider wants to win every game, and Grider also echoes that statement.

"No one wants to win more than me, and I'll do anything and everything to get that done," says Grider the criminal justice major.

Grider is also finding herself becoming a leader on the team. Harlin says that Grider is a vocal leader while she herself is more of a leader who leads by example.

The second semester has meant the start of the conference season, but it has also meant a change on the court for Melissa, the move to the starting position against Northeast Missouri. Since the move the Lady Lions did not lose a game until Missouri Western on February 15.

"I feel like I have to be more mentally prepared because we change our offense every game and I must concentrate at the first of the game because you have to get the ball inside," Grider said. "I like the challenge, any challenge that is thrown at me."

Ballard comments that the women are playing better basketball since Grider was moved to the starting position. With her on the floor, the other team must play honest defense because she can score.

"She feels like she can be more of a leader now that she is starting because she knows a team has to

have a good point guard to go anywhere," Harlin said.

Ballard does say that at times Grider can be too serious and he prescribes for her to "take a chill pill" and relax. This is especially true when things do not go exactly the way she wants them to. Ballard also comments that Grider's decision making is better now. He says that she is not trying to force the ball and make everything a no-look pass. She is more patient now than before Christmas when she was playing point. She would not always look to the offensive play because she is able to take the ball to "the hole" at any time.

Under ideal circumstances Ballard would like to play Melissa at the two-guard. That is why she was brought to Southern. She became an excellent point-guard and earned her way into the starting lineup. Grider loves passing the ball to a teammate.

"I especially love my no-look passes, the ones that are so hard to get in," says Grider "I would rather give up a shot and dish it down inside, that has to be the funniest thing".

Grider has enjoyed success when she shoots the ball this season. Kaifes and her brother worked with Grider on her shot last summer and she just kept working on it.

"This is really the first year I am confident in my shot, unlike last year," Grider says.

Being successful in basketball also requires a good work ethic. Harlin agrees that Grider is strong and she works very hard, and Grider says at times she is physical and does not realize it, but she wants to be the one who come out with the ball when it is on the floor.

"I feel like I should be stronger than everybody else since I work so hard at it," Grider said.

Grider does not spend time with basketball only, she is also a member of the softball team. She remembers in her first game against SMSU, when she got a hit and drove in a run. After that, Grider's confidence came back.

She would also like to see more of a backing to the Lady Lion softball team, stating that they really are a great team.

The thing Grider will always cherish is the friendship of her teammates.

"Friendship is the greatest aspect out of everything," Grider says, "having my friends from softball and basketball and being close to them. I always have to have my friends to be there for me. I love athletics and I want to help the team. If I need to sit out, I'll sit out. I want to win and do whatever has to get done." Grider enjoys a friendship with Coach Kaifes also.

"If I could have two moms she would be it," says Grider. "She means the world to me, whenever there are tough times you can always talk to her and lean on her. She would always be there. Part of the greatest thing in my life is just knowing her. I would do anything for the lady and I know she would for me."

Playing two sports in college does not leave a lot of time for hobbies. The one thing Grider does enjoy is playing pool. She enjoys having a busy schedule, and accepts the challenges that come her way.

"I am always looking for a challenge too, something higher to go for," Grider says. "I want to look past the little things and go for the big ones."

The goals for Melissa on the basketball court and the softball field are for the better of the team.

"I don't really strive for goals myself, always for the team," Grider says. "Every year I always want to reach the next step."

Plans for the future are wide open for Grider. She wants to have a job in the criminal justice field already lined out when she graduates. She pictures herself possibly being in the field.

After everything is over with, her teammates are what will be missed the most.

"They mean a lot to me. After school I am going to miss these girls more than life. I really don't picture things without them here," says Grider. "I will treasure them forever. It will be the greatest thing to look back on, more than what we won or what awards we got."



Melisa does a no look pass during a recent game

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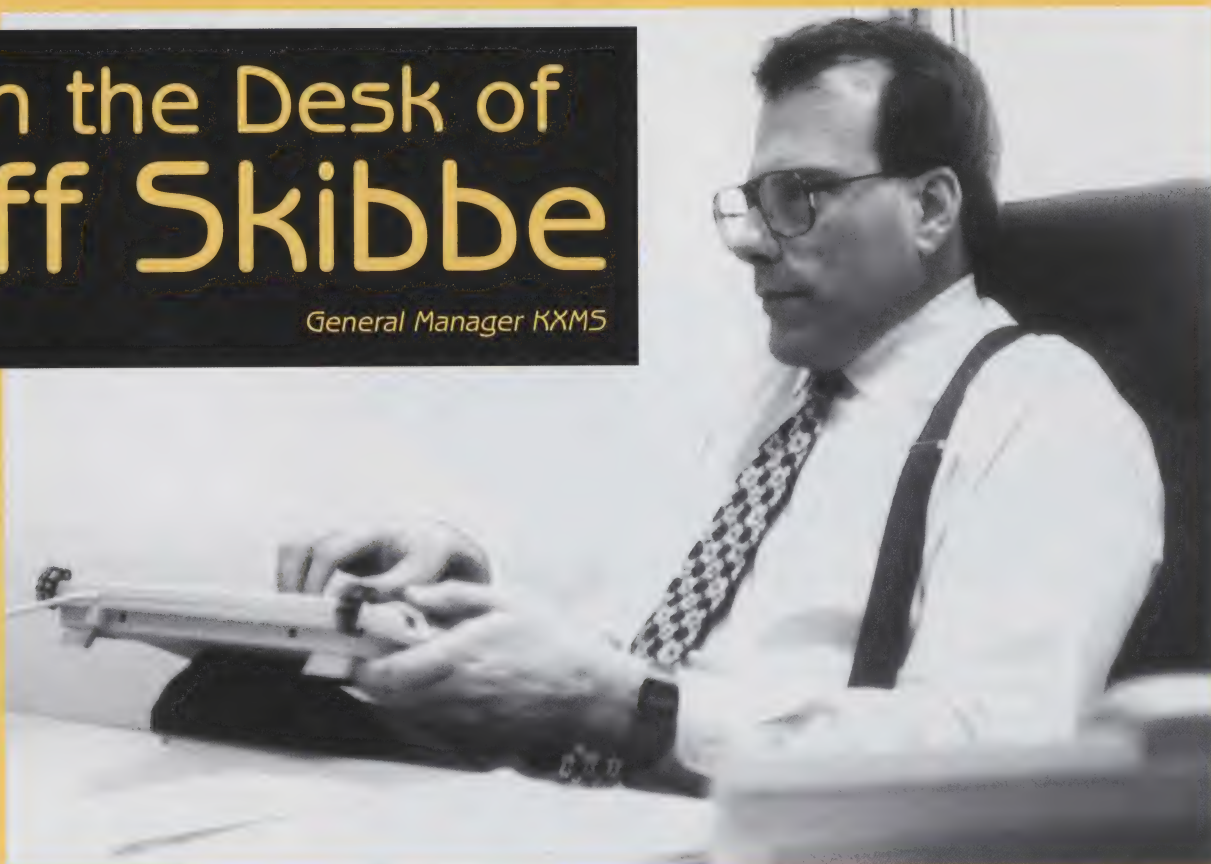
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April Surprise

From the Desk of Jeff Skibbe

General Manager KXMS



P.D.Q. Bach was the last and oddest of the twenty-odd children of Johann Sebastian Bach. He was born March 31, 1807, but his birthday is usually remembered by us in public radio (when remembered at all) on April 1st. Not as prolific as his father (he had no children), P.D.Q. did however write a greater variety of music. Whereas Johann Sebastian stuck to writing mostly church music when he wasn't home keeping Barbara company, P.D.Q. wrote operas such as *Iphigenia in Brooklyn* and *The Stoned Guest*. "Collared is Bowser" is one of his most famous opera arias.

P.D.Q. Bach also wrote for some of the more exotic instruments. For

example, there is the Concerto for Horn and Hardart as well as music for slide music stand and the lasso damore, the latter is swung over the head at differing rates of speed to produce varying pitch. J.S. Bach only wrote music for the usual instruments, including a few that aren't even played anymore. Perhaps sheet music sales fell off.

This all leads up to a shameless plug for the first KXMS/88.7 April Fool's Day Marathon. From 8 a.m. until noon on that Saturday, we will present the very best of P.D.Q. Bach, as well as selections by Victor Borge and Anna Russell. Four hours of fun (we hope) and musical eccentricity. The marathon will begin with the

now-classic "New Horizons in Music Appreciation," a play-by-play analysis of the opening movement of Beethoven's Fifth. This may slack your thirst for baseball. English diva (a diva is the fat lady whose singing signals the end of the opera) Anna Russell will explain how to write a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, and Victor Borge will vocally illustrate musical punctuation.

While some of the material to be presented has appeared piecemeal on "Weekend Radio," most of the marathon will be new to the KXMS/88.7 audience. Much of it will be historic, some of it quite rare, all of it delightfully amusing. As cajun cook Justin Wilson would put it, "I gar-un-tee."



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1:00						Lyric Opera of Chicago	Weekend Radio
2:00							Audiophile Audition
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4:00						Music from the Movies	Chubb's Global Podium
5:00	Southern Serenade (new releases)					The Russian Pianists	The First Art
6:00	The Travetti's Hour					Evening at the Pops	
7:00	Music from Imperial Austria	Concertgebouw Orchestra	Paris Orchestra	Cleveland Orchestra	San Francisco Symphony	Klassix by Request	
8:00							
9:00	Klassix Through the Night						9:00
10:00							10:00

Half Time: It's not just for the band anymore

By Clifford J. Henry

Ladies and gentlemen, for your halftime enjoyment...

How many times have you heard those very words at a basketball or football game?

Schools everywhere always have something going on at halftime. For each show or contest, a lot of time and energy goes into preparation. In football, there is the traditional show where the marching band goes onto the field for approximately ten minutes. In basketball, however, people are more creative. For instance, at Missouri Western State College, a dance team started the activities, followed by a contest in which children attempted to fly paper airplanes into a trash can. The pep band then played until the buzzer sounded to start the second half.

Who could forget two years ago when the guy in Chicago won a million dollars when he made a basket from the opposite foul line (almost 80 feet)? The NBA has also become popular with dancing girls and high-flying dunking mascots. The dancing girls became popular in the '80s in Los Angeles when the Lakers won four NBA championships ('80, '85, '87, '88). The dunking mascot also increased in popularity. It all began in Phoenix with "The Gorilla". At halftime and between quarters, a guy dressed in a gorilla suit would come out and run from the other end of the court, jump off a mini trampoline and do flips, then slam it home.

Here at Missouri Southern, a couple of different things will happen at the half. First, the pep band will play. Then the public address

announcer, Dennis Burns, will come out and probably make a joke or two. Then comes the fun. A person from the crowd is selected. He or she comes down onto the court and Burns introduces the player. That person will get a chance to win cash or prizes, depending on the game.

The first game is a chance to win \$50. The contestant is blindfolded. A \$50 bill is placed on the floor. In 35 seconds, the person must find the money. The player winning receives help from the crowd. As he gets closer to the money, the crowd makes more noise; the further away, less noise.

The second kind of game gives a player a chance to win \$100. A \$20 bill is placed behind the three-point line on each baseline, at each wing and at the top of the key. There is no time limit, so the player takes his time and attempts each shot. For each 3-pointer made, the player wins \$20.

The third is the most challenging. The player has 35 seconds to make four shots. The first shot is a lay-up and the prize is a Subway sandwich. The second shot is a free throw. This is worth a shirt from the Missouri Southern bookstore. The next shot is a 3-pointer. If this is made, the prize is a \$20 gift certificate to Garfield's. Then the really tough one, a shot from half-court for round trip airfare for two to Dallas, Texas.

It sounds impossible, but it has been done. Last semester during halftime of the men's game, a member of the band was selected, and he did it!!! He made the lay-up, missed a free throw, then made a free throw, canned a three and just missed the shot from half court.



There was just enough time for one last chance. He took a deep breath, stepped into the shot, and let the ball fly. As I stood behind the press table, the ball seemed to take forever to make it to the basket. Then it went in and the place went crazy.


For the last half, the crowd was into the game, which really is the purpose of the halftime entertainment. The other key component is the band. At Southern, the band is always making some noise. If you have been at a game this year when the band wasn't, something was missing. The band brings that added dimension—something extra. These people put in countless hours of preparation for each game. They are always there, but they never get much recognition. If it wasn't for the band, we would listen to various artists played over the speakers. Even though I enjoy listening to today's music, it just isn't the same as the band. The band does not just bring music. It is the noisiest section in the gym. No matter what happens on the floor, they make noise or recite a chant about a golf clap. They are easily the most enthusiastic group and for that they deserve our thanks.



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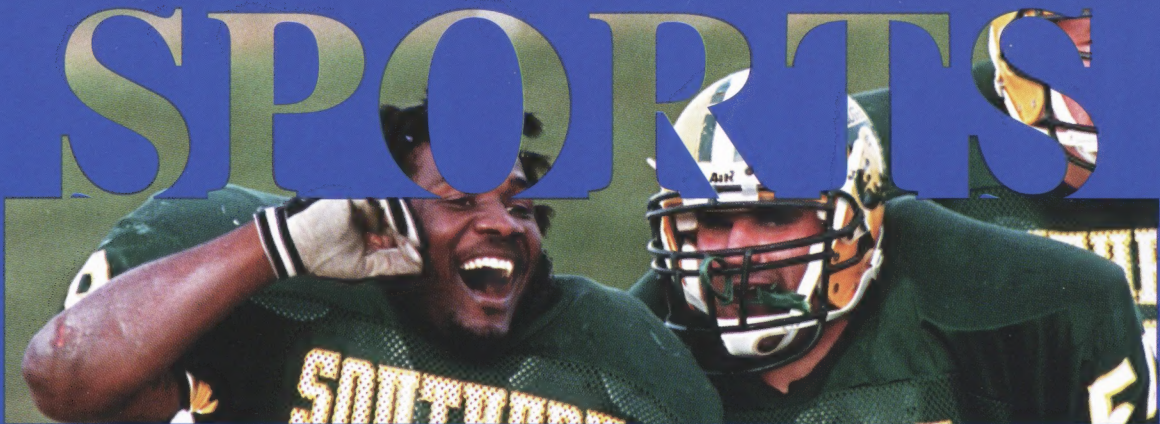


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